The fold ſtands empty, in the drowned field,
And Crowes are fatted with the murrion flocke,
The nine mens Morris is fild vp with mud,
And the queint Mazes in the wanton greene,
For lacke of tread, are vndiſtinguiſhable.
The humane mortals want their winter heere,
No night is now with hymme or carroll bleſt;
Therefore the Moone (the gouerneſſe of floods)
Pale in her anger, waſhes all the aire;
That Rheumaticke diſeaſes do abound.
And through this diſtemperature, we ſee
The ſeaſons alter; hoared headed froſts
Fall in the freſh lap of the crimſon Roſe,
And on old *Hyems* chinne and Icie crowne,
An odorous Chaplet of ſweete Sommer buds
Is as in mockery ſet. The Spring, the Sommer,
The childing Autumne, angry Winter change
Their wonted Liueries, and the mazed world,
By their increaſe, now knowes not which is which;
And this ſame progeny of euils,
Comes from our debate, from our diſſention,
We are their parents and originall.

Oberon. Do you amend it then, it lyes in you,
Why ſhould *Titania* croſſe her *Oberon*?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my Henchman.

Queene. Set your heart at reſt,
The Fairy land buies not the childe of me,
His mother was a Votreſſe of my order,
And in the ſpiced *Indian* aire, by night
Full often hath ſhe goſſipt by my ſide,
And ſat with me on *Neptunes* yellow ſands,
Marking th'embarked traders on the flood,
When we haue laught to ſee the ſailes conceiue,
And grow big bellied with the wanton winde,

Which